

The Middletown Transcript.

VOL. XXXII.—NO 21

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1899.

PRICE THREE CENTS

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For everything is not pleasant, is it? But what do you think of a fine suit of clothing, made-to-measure, guaranteed to fit and to keep you cool and comfortable for \$2.00? Catalogue No. 27 shows a sample of clothing and shows many bargains in shoes, hats and furnishings. Lithographed Catalogue No. 27 shows Carpets, Rugs, Portières and Lace Curtains, in hand-painted colors. We pay freight, save carfare free, and furnish living without charge.

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Price, \$2.00. You want Address this way, JULIUS HINES & SON, Baltimore, Md. Dept. 100.

MEMORIAL DAY.

Let no leaf of glooming cypress
On these hallowed mounds today
Cast a shadow o'er the blossoms
Mingled with the heroes' bay.

Let no tear nor sigh of sadness
On the memory of the brave
While our songs of hope and gladness
Float around the flag marked grave.

Well we know their names are known
On the boundless heart of love.
All who in right's cause, and with
Nameless fell are known above.

For their sakes the white bellflowers,
Violet pantheas, many hued,
Blossomed in the nation's bosom
Thoughts of love and gratitude.

For a day the rose and laurel
Proudly deck each sacred spot.
Ever on the nation's bosom
Rests the pure forget-me-not.

And from our long years of silence
Call our brothers, brave and true,
From their slumber, and let us
That we fought to save for you.

—Detroit Free Press.

MISS CYNTHY'S LILAC BLOSSOMS.

Memorial day at that important part of the universe known familiarly as the Corners was always a gala day. Every one in the little village planned on its coming from one year to another. It was the hope of every one that lilacs and all spring blossoms might be in full bloom at the important day and so be carried to the tiny cemetery on the hill to deck the soldiers' graves.

After viewing the decorations Deacon Hiram Pepper always remarked, "They couldn't get a better triad than if they were a triad in Mount Auburn 'mid of the burling yard at the Corners."

The few old veterans in the place, with the younger men as Sons of Veterans, marched and drilled for weeks beforehand that they might make an imposing appearance, while the maids and matrons, bound not to be outdone by the masculine portion, either had new gowns or pressed and retinted old ones, that they might make a showing equal to the rest.

One evening about a week before the eventful day Miss Cynthia White stood

given the charge of her son as a sacred trust.

"Promise, Cynthia," she had said, "that you'll never leave him, and that you'll take good care of him."

And Cynthia had solemnly said, "I will." Faithfully did she fulfill that promise. She simply gave her life up to her brother Sam, but that young man somehow did not seem to appreciate the sacrifice, neither did he care to spend all his evenings at home with his sister, nor if he went to a "bunking" or "sociable" did he care to be always "tied to her apron strings," as he expressed it.

Later on, when she learned that Sam was "paying attention" to that "shilly-shally Lizzy Walker," great was her indignation, and many were the lectures given to the younger brother, who felt himself too near to manhood to be treated like a child, especially when his sister was but two years older than he. Shary and bitter words passed between them at times, although often Sam tried to make it up with his sister and tried to convince her that Lizzy was absolutely needed at the farmhouse, that it was of no use. So one day Sam and pretty little Lizzy took matters into their own hands, drove ten miles to R—, across the state line, and were married.

Sam immediately made the news known to Cynthia, who was first in consternation. She wept over Sam as if he had been badly used. At first she forbade him to see the house, but, remembering her promise to her mother, she at last made him feel that he was as good as expected under the circumstances.

So they came to the farmhouse to live, and Cynthia, true to her promise, did well by them as far as food and kindred comforts go, but never by any possible chance was there any relaxation of the stern lines about her mouth, and Lizzy often cried up stairs in the spare room from sheer loneliness.

About two years later the war fever of 1861 broke out at the Corners, and Sam White was one of the first to catch the infection. Sam had "settled down" during the past two years, so all the Corners folk said, and was a strong, sturdy specimen of a young manhood. When he came home and broke the news of his enlistment to Lizzy and Cynthia, the little white's face grew pale as death, and she clasped her laughing baby more closely to her, but said never a word.

But Cynthia—her voice rose to a perfect shriek as she cried, "You shan't go, Sam; you mustn't, you can't. I'll never give my consent. Don't you ever mention it again."

But her sharp grey eyes rested longest on the clump of lilacs down by the gate as she said aloud, having in the long, lonely years acquired the habit of talking to herself.

LIZZY BUST INTO TEARS.

at the door of her little cottage, looking over her threshold, well kept garden, her keen eye noting the fact that the marrows were up over by the fence; that the tomatoes were doing well, and that the panny bed needed weeding. But her sharp grey eyes rested longest on the clump of lilacs down by the gate as she said aloud, having in the long, lonely years acquired the habit of talking to herself.

"I hope these lilacs will be out for Memorial day, but it has been such a backward spring that it isn't likely. But I always just count on them lilacs to take to the cemetery for Brother Sam's grave. There's Sam's wife, shift less critter as she is, she never'd think of doin' such a thing. But, then, lilacs nor nothing else would grow in that little 7 by 9 patch of ground of her'n. I declare, if there ain't a tiny little boy down by the gate, look at them lilacs as if he'd eat 'em. He'd better not touch 'em, though. Here, you boy," she loudly called, "don't you touch them flowers, but you just run home to your ma, and be lively."

And Miss Cynthia's thin lips compressed themselves as she watched the forlorn little figure running swiftly down the road. She watched him until a softer expression appeared on her face, and she made a sign of talk over it, but he does look as Sam used to when he was a little fellow about his age. I've a good mind to call him back for Sam's sake. But, then, I won't do it. Lizzy'd think I wanted to make up for my fault, and I don't want to. But they do say as how she's been having a pretty hard time of it this year, since Sam came home and brought them two children along. But, then, Sam married a worthless chap, and Lizzy encouraged the match, and so taint nobody's fault but her own that she is in such straits. I wonder if she'll visit Sam's grave Memorial day? I don't want to meet her there."

For Miss Cynthia's Sam had not always been hard featured and sharp tongued, as she was now. Deacon Pepper, Lucindy Green and many of the town's folks could remember when she had been called the prettiest girl at the Corners, when her black, snapping eyes, dark curls and red cheeks caused her to be called the belle at many a rustic basking or apple bee.

Cynthia White's father and mother had died in middle life, leaving, besides this daughter, a son of 18 years, who all his life had been at once a source of the greatest joy and greatest anxiety to his parents. Nothing had about the boy, only so full of mischief and fun that his mother never knew from what dire dilemma she might be called to extricate him. And as he grew older, although he became more manly and less given to frolic and fun, yet his mother still looked upon him as a little boy, who must be watched and cared for. To Cynthia, though but two years his senior, his mother when dying had

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VALOR'S LAST SLEEP.

GREAT ARMY BURIED IN NATIONAL CEMETERIES.

Historic Arlington, on the Bank of the Potomac—Origin of the Custom of Strewn Flowers on the Graves of the Blue and Gray.

On the 24th of May, 1899, the great army of the Potomac, the army that fought the battle of Antietam, was buried in the National Cemetery, Arlington, Va. The custom of strewn flowers on the graves of the Blue and Gray, which has been so common since the war, is said to have originated at this place.

The custom gradually spread throughout the south—April 27 being the date selected for its observance. General John A. Logan, when commander in chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, received, it is said, a letter from a German residing in Cincinnati in which the statement was made that it was a springtime custom of the people in the German fatherland to decorate with flowers the graves of their soldiers. The writer suggested that the custom be adopted in the United States. The idea met with the approval of General Logan, and in 1868 he appointed May 30 as the date of the observance.

It is said that the date, May 30, was selected not only because of the abundance of flowers at that season of the year, but also because on that day the last soldier of the civil war was mustered out of service. The custom of having flowers strewn on the graves of the Blue and Gray has since been adopted in all the national cemeteries, and each year there are new graves to receive the loving tributes of flowers and wreaths.

There are 75 national cemeteries scattered throughout some 38 states of the Union, and in them lie the remains of 380,000 soldiers. Virginia has 16, in which are buried 75,000 men; Tennessee has 17, in which are 37,843 dead; Mississippi has 8, with 38,487; Georgia 3, with 38,891; Louisiana 4, with 20,861; North Carolina 4, with 18,985; Missouri 3, with 14,151. It will be seen that these seven states contain within their borders more than half of all the national cemeteries and that in them are buried about two-thirds of the entire number of soldiers who sleep in government grounds. In the cemetery of Arlington, Va., which is the largest of the national cemeteries, there are about 10,000 soldiers buried. The smallest number of men (43) are in the Battle Ground cemetery, District of Columbia, and the largest number (16,988) are in Arlington cemetery, Virginia. Since the war there have been 15,658 at Nashville, Tenn., and 15,358 at Fredericksburg, Va.

The cemetery of Arlington, which is across the Potomac river from Washington, D. C., was founded in 1864. The property belonged to General Robert E. Lee and before the war was one of the finest homes in the south. About 4,000 of the dead buried there were soldiers of the Blue and Gray, and less than four years ago and about 15,000 of the remains of 2,111 soldiers collected from the battlefield of Bull Run and the route of the Rappahannock after the war.

Arlington is indeed a place for tender memories, for thanksgivings and for prayers. It is no place for pride and vainglory. Standing among those grass grown graves and looking at that desolate home, one understands—better than in any other way—what war means and what victory costs—early deaths, ruined homes and crushed hearts. One has only to stand within the shade of Arlington to learn that war is a thing that no man can win, with sympathy and good will, and when, we remembered that the men who were buried there were as well as the blue whose graves that day would be flower strewn and tear moistened we felt that the graves were not so much a place for mourning as a place for a more eloquent prayer for peace and charity than did those lowly mounds.

These men have left us a priceless heritage; let us see that we are worthy of it. General John B. Gordon puts it well: "Let us remember that those who wore the blue and those who wore the gray are brothers now in the truest sense and that both will stand together in defense of the Union and see to it that the Republic shall live and liberty shall be preserved. Let us remember that this Republic of ours shall move onward and upward forever in its benign mission to humanity."—Forward.

Garlands For All.

But what soldier he as not forget for other dead who fell beside us in the peaceful battle of life. Go, mother, and lay the lilac and the daisy on that spot in "God's care" where you planted the little curly headed treasure that shall come up again in the springtime of eternity. Go, widow, and hang the green garland of joy on the cold tablet that, like a specter, beckons you to follow your beloved. Go, child, and lay the garland of hope and merrymaking of all sorts. But to one whose sentiments are true this can only cause profound pain. There is a time for everything, and the time for grief is not at a funeral. Memorial day is a day of prayer, of reflection, and of the smallest district school to the greatest university, as a direct result of Memorial day.—Selected.

Rev. Dr. Crane.

Wig—"Your wife's a very jolly woman. She's always trying to make game of some body." Wag—"That's right. She often makes me queer."

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MEMORIAL DAY ABROAD.

Custom of Remembering the Dead With Flowers Is Spreading.

Memorial day in Europe is making headway, principally through the influence of the large number of wealthy Americans who now reside in most European cities. Though many of these have ceased to be Americans in spirit and have in many cases succumbed to their environments, the members of the respective colonies celebrate such battles as those of Gettysburg and Antietam by banquets and other social festivities and thus aid in creating an atmosphere favorable to the great American holiday. There were no colonies of wealthy Americans in Paris, for example, the grave of Lafayette would have been forgotten long since by his own countrymen. The representatives of both nations met in common reverence over the grave of Lafayette and in the evening usually celebrated by a dinner, where toasts are given and responded to and where eloquence and wit find ample deliverance.

In the same way in England the American Memorial day is crowding out of remembrance that of Nov. 5, which has from time immemorial been fixed by the church as the day devoted to the departed dead. It is a season of gloomy weather and of biting cold, when people find it hard to be out of doors, much more so to visit those lonely and darkened streets of necropolis, which are the very opposite in respect of site and cheerful surroundings to American cemeteries and which one can afford to visit without carrying around with him an awful foreboding of the hereafter.

The countries outside of the United States, however, where the American ideas of Memorial day have made most progress are naturally Mexico and Canada. Since Diaz has practically become the dictator of Mexico, May 24 is as regularly celebrated in the City of Mexico as is May 30 in Chicago or New York. The Mexican celebration is even more elaborate in some respects than ours, and invariably those American soldiers who fell in 1847 are always included in the ceremonies. The Mexicans extend the celebration usually over three days, and besides costly floral tributes, a government military band accompanies the processions, which pour forth strains of delicious music. With the dawn of Memorial day a steady stream of people pour into the cemeteries from daylight to dusk. Flowers are so marvelously cheap the graves present the appearance of being one vast field of variegated colors, and as with us, the day is a national holiday, and a general light heartedness pervades all the people, which in more somber Europe would be regarded as unusual. Long before the hour designated for the service to begin the veterans are hurrying here and there, busied in arranging every detail for the to, to them, important occasion. Chairs for those who are to be seated on the platform are placed, moved and replaced and settled in right positions with much deliberation.

The people come in and fill the body of the church, where they sit in quiet expectation. The seats in front are reserved. The pastor of the church comes in and looks around with a benignant smile. The commander goes to the open door and asks a comrade if the speaker has not yet arrived, remarking anxiously that nothing can be done until he comes. Presently the speaker arrives and shakes hands with a number who meet him and retire with him to the vestry.

The sounds that break the stillness that moment are impressive. Tramp, tramp, tramp! With measured footfall the veterans enter and march up the aisle. Tramp, tramp! Hark! It is an echo or the lighter tread of unseen comrades keeping step with them? They halt, the standard bearers step, and on the right and left rest, with the stars and stripes upheld. The reserved seats are taken by the men of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Prayer follows music, and then the oration begins. The orator is eloquent. "The custom," he says, "of setting apart a day on which to decorate the graves of our dead soldiers is a rite so beautiful and sacred that it will forever be perpetuated. In his enthusiasm the orator goes too far and carries most of his hearers with him. The rite he celebrates is truly sacred and beautiful, yet its observance can only be temporary. All the way down the aisle such rites have been observed. Tribes and nations have remembered and adorned the graves of those who fought their battles. After a little the voices that praised their deeds of valor are stilled.

The city of the past is laid in ruins. Its echo echoing walls is a wail of fall.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

THE NEW MEMORIAL DAY.

Under the roses the blue; Under the lilacs the gray.

Oh, the roses we plucked for the blue, And the lilacs we twined for the gray! We have bound in a wreath, And in silence beneath Slumber our heroes today.

Over the new turned sod, The sons of our fathers stand, And the fierce old fight Slips out of sight In the clasp of a brother's hand.

For the old blood left a stain That the new has washed away, And the sons of those Who have faced as foes Are marching together to day.

Oh, the blood that our fathers gave! Oh, the tide of our mother's tears! And the flow of red, And the tears they shed Unhindered a sea of years!

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—New York Herald.



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IN THE COUNTRY.

Impressive Ceremonies Mark the Observance of Memorial Day.

In the country the ceremonial observance of Memorial day is impressive. The Grand Army posts in the country, small in numbers and far from rich, cannot make imposing displays, and wisely seldom attempt it. Yet there is an earnestness in what they do as patriotic as in the cities. Little bands, perhaps less than 30 or 40 veterans, assemble at a country church, where services are held before the graves are visited. How solicitous they all appear that every detail shall be properly observed! Long before the hour designated for the service to begin the veterans are hurrying here and there, busied in arranging every detail for the to, to them, important occasion. Chairs for those who are to be seated on the platform are placed, moved and replaced and settled in right positions with much deliberation.

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SACRED TO HEROES.

Memorial Day Generally Recognized as a National Holiday.

In 85 out of the 45 states of the Union May 30 is legally recognized as Memorial day. Everywhere the day is practically considered a legal holiday, but only in the number of states mentioned is it so by law. Most persons consider it as such, and it is a national holiday. There is no provision in the constitution of the United States that permits such a thing. Congress has from time to time recognized certain special days for business purposes, but not even the president's proclamation of Thanksgiving day makes it a legal holiday in any state unless the legislature of that state has so signified by legal action.

It needs no president's proclamation, no legislative action, to make the United States observe Memorial day. The descendants of the 2,778,804 soldiers who constituted the Federal armies which fought from 1861 to 1865 need no reminder to perform what they consider a sacred duty. The 840,610 members of the Grand Army of the Republic who followed the fate of the stars and stripes, some of them from Fort Sumter to Appomattox, do not require admonition to honor their comrades whom wounds or disease have taken from among them.

Blue and Gray.

There is another event which has gradually been blended with the day set aside for decorating the graves of men who wore the blue. It is the time when those who loved the men who wore the gray remember their own dead, the men who fought honestly and bravely for the cause they believed to be right. The grave knows neither friend nor foe. Both rest.

Under the spot and the dew, Waiting the judgment day, Under the roses the blue, Under the lilacs the gray.

There are fewer of the gray to remember than of the blue, for the total of those who fought for the Southern Confederacy is placed at 600,000. The graves decorated not only contain all the names of men who perished on the battlefield, but of hundreds of those who were taken from the ranks of the world years after the sounds of strife had ceased. It is the principle of the Grand Army of the Republic as well as of the Confederate associations, that any member thereof shall be honored in death with the same tribute that is paid to the comrades whose death claimed during the war.—Exchange.

Proper Observance.

There has been a tendency of recent years to turn it from a holy day to a holiday—to indulge in races and games and merrymaking of all sorts. But to one whose sentiments are true this can only cause profound pain. There is a time for everything, and the time for grief is not at a funeral. Memorial day is a day of prayer, of reflection, and of the smallest district school to the greatest university, as a direct result of Memorial day.—Selected.

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Sturgeon Fishermen.

Sturgeon fishermen along the Delaware bay are the most jubilant of any industrial citizens to be found in the Eastern states. There are about 1,000 men of Delaware engaged in this vigorous outdoor occupation and so many of these mammoth fish are being "boated" that, with the remarkably high prevailing market prices some of the fishermen are going to get rich. Peter Federation, of Germany, comes to this state every year to pack sturgeon roe for his native country, where it is a great luxury. In 1897, Federation paid at Bower's Beach, \$50 per keg for sturgeon roe, and in 1898, \$80. Since 1888 the price has never averaged over \$40. This year the American markets have become lively competitors with the Germans and last week were selling \$110 per keg, which is equivalent to 80 cents a pound. The fishermen caught about the most delicate morsel of food that is produced from soil or water in the Eastern states. The sturgeon caught thus far this year have averaged about seventy pounds. The roe of four fish make a keg of caviare. It is believed that the fishermen will catch a total of 100,000 pounds of roe this year if the present good run continues, from a business that has been practically developed in the past ten years. The season will continue until the middle of June.

About Cataracts.

It is caused by a cold or succession of colds, combined with impure blood. Its symptoms are pain in the head, discharge from the nose, ringing noises in the ear. It is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla which purifies and enriches the blood, soothes and rebuilds the tissues and relieves all the disagreeable sensations.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, Mail for 25c. by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Teacher.

"We speak of these machines for riding as cycles. Now what similar name do we apply to the riders? Come—what term could be applied to me if you saw me on a wheel?" Little Johnny—"Joe!"

"We might as well leave the islands and settle somewhere else," remarked the Samson. "We may come out all right in the end," answered the neighbor, hopefully. "I don't know," said the other, "but I am conducting the game that will make a pair of kings beat three consuls."

A well-known electrical engineer.

who, through pure merit, achieved the degree of Ph. D., was asked by a lady, "Why do they call you doctor?" "Because I have the degree of Ph. D.," "Oh," observed the lady, with awakening interest, "doctor of pharmacy or drug clerk?"

Photographic Cameras.

are being used by amateurs and professionals all over the civilized world. The most compact and least complicated of any in the market. A child can operate them. Plain and Complete Instructions go with each camera. Size of pictures 2 1/2 x 3 1/2 to 5 x 7. Price, \$3.50 up. Nothing on earth will give you or a friend to whom presented more pleasure than one of these cameras. Write for illustrations and full descriptions. Prices cut.

Marsh Mfg. Co., 542 W. Lake St. Chicago.

Hoax—"This painless dentistry is a great thing."

Joan—"Yes, a great fake. I once tried a painless dentist." "Well, did his work give you any pain?" "No, the work didn't hurt me any. It was his bill that made me feel sore."

Robbed the Grave.

A startling incident, of which Mr. John Oliver of Philadelphia, was the subject, is narrated by him as follows: "I was in a most dreadful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite—gradually growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. Fortunately, a friend advised trying 'Electric Bitters,' and to my great joy and surprise, the first bottle made a decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks, and am now a well man. I know they saved my life and robbed the grave of another victim." No one should fail to try them. Only 50 cents, guaranteed, at Vaughan's Pharmacy.

The sea serpent is on the move.

We hope now find it a shock to bid twelve months' adieu to book.

If you cannot be made and angel at the same moment, postpone the angel.

It doesn't do the clock man much good to advertise unless his advertisements are timely.

"Make pay, from boarders, while the sun shines," is the way the wily farmer sizes up an old age.

There is more catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surface of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists. 75c.

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Pain-Killer.

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A sure and safe remedy in every case and every kind of Bowel Complaint.

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This is a true statement and it can't be made too strong or too emphatic.

It is a simple, safe and quick cure for Croup, Cough, Whooping Cough, Colic, Cholera, Diarrhoea, Cramp, Toothache.

TWO SIZES, 25c. and 50c.

Prepared by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by Druggists.

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